

A high-contrast, black and white photograph. The left side of the image shows a vertical, heavily textured surface, possibly a tree trunk or a piece of weathered wood, with dark, irregular patterns. A dark, curved shape, resembling a shadow or a piece of fabric, extends from the left side towards the bottom right. The background is a light, uniform color. The text "the journal" is printed in a simple, sans-serif font in the upper right quadrant.

the journal







the journal / massachusetts college of art / fall 1976

## editorial

As an ideal definition, the *Journal* functions as a visual representation of the students, faculty and alumni of the of the Massachusetts College of Art. Therefore the *Journal* reflects the varied areas of concentration that are developed within the college community. Unfortunately this concept works better in theory than practice.

The difficulty the *Journal* has in fulfilling this concept stems from a lack of participation. The rationale behind this lack of participation is attributed to communication, alienation and apathy.

In terms of communication, the *Journal* has made every possible effort to get work submitted. Posters have been displayed, mailboxes stuffed, classes visited, announcements have been in newsletters, individuals stopped and asked, even phone calls made to urge people to submit their work. Based on the assumption that everyone can either see or hear, communication has been addressed sufficiently.

Alienation toward the *Journal* has occurred since the original edition. The misconception that the *Journal* is a "Design" magazine has caused people to reject it. Logically the *Journal* or any magazine should be worked on by people who are trained in such things as layout, typography, etc. and who are interested in such applications. The majority of these people at Mass. College of Art are involved with Graphic Design. Therefore the appearance

of the *Journal* will be a reflection of those who work on it in terms of format only and that does not constitute a design magazine. A magazine without the input of people in graphic design makes no more sense than making a piece of sculpture for the school without the input of sculptors. It's a matter of logical expertise.

There has been an abundance of rhetoric stated and written about the apathy at Mass. College of Art. It prevails within the students, faculty, alumni and administration. The reasons for it and solutions to it are too complex to deal with in this editorial. If in fact, apathy is the reason for the lack of participation, we can all share the blame. But the effects of such apathy will only result with a magazine that is unable to fulfill its obligation as a representative of the Massachusetts College of Art.

In conclusion, it is important to note that the *Journal* does not feel the responsibility to light a fire under everyone, nor does it have to defend its actions or feel guilty about its role in the lack of participation. But it is important to state the case so people in the Mass. College of Art community can appreciate the situation or lack of. The *Journal* will never be *all* things to *all* people, but it can fulfill its original concept.

Claudia Sanford  
Priscilla White  
*Editors*



Sherry Freeman  
*Photography, Senior*





## introduction

This is the fourth issue of the *Journal* since student Christine Armstrong's original proposal for a "publication, in magazine form, that will emphasize articles concerning the work of graduating students and alumni . . . and will contain relevant analysis and criticism of issues concerning artists and designers."

The original proposal further stated that there would be departmental articles reflecting the total scope of The College as it addresses the needs of students and faculty and the society in which both work.

This issue of the *Journal* contains photography, painting, jewelry, glass, and fibers. Also included is poetry, an editorial, graphic design, illustration, and environmental art. Alumni, faculty and students alike have contributed this work.

The *Journal's* strength is that it has been conceived and produced by students, with the help of a few faculty advisors. Student involvement is the major factor in The *Journal's* continued funding and success, but maybe continuity should be the task of a faculty advisory board. With the proper blend of student initiative and faculty support, the *Journal* can have strong influence beyond the Mass. Art community.

For this influence to develop, articles should be solicited far in advance of *Journal* publication deadlines so that each issue contains a major statement about *what* should be created and *why* rather than merely *how*.

The *Journal* is already collecting articles and examples of work for the Spring issue. We especially encourage faculty and students from those departments not represented to date to submit articles and work by February 14.

Al Gowan  
*Faculty Advisor*





Alison Healy  
Photography, Senior

**April 8th, 1973**

*picasso is dead this day  
and i have not wept.  
i have loved his blues,  
but mostly i remember  
him; for he made my soul smile.  
i save my tears for those  
who have grown old, lonely  
and desperate.  
those that haven't lived, the  
ones that are afraid.*

Robert Sabato Coppola  
Faculty, Design

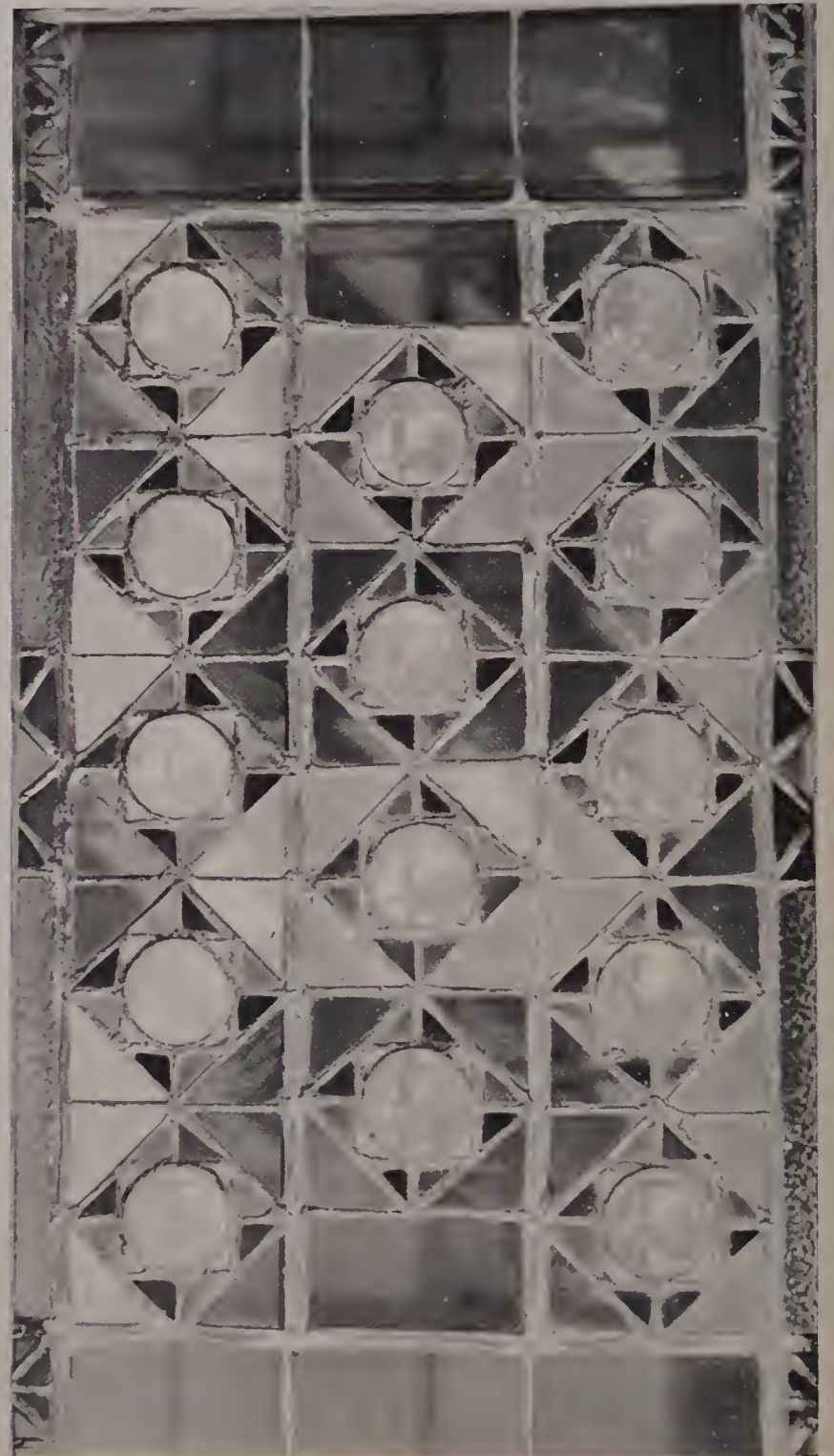


Alison Healy  
Photography, Senior

Walter Liberman  
*Glass, Junior*



Franne Silver  
*Jewelry, Junior*



Scott White  
*Glass, Junior*





Barbara Cataldo  
Glass, Senior



Richard Duggan  
Glass, Senior



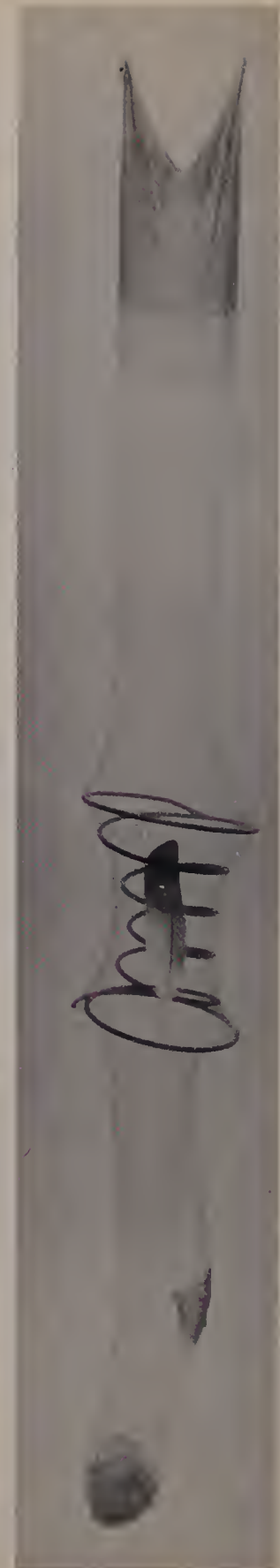
Nicholas Howard  
Graphic Design, Junior



Leonard Eisenberg  
*Painting, Alumni*



Benito Solis-Morales  
*Ceramics, Senior*



Anna Poor  
*Sculpture, Senior*



Napolean Jones-Henderson  
*Fibers, Faculty*



Chip Plank  
*Jewelry, Senior*



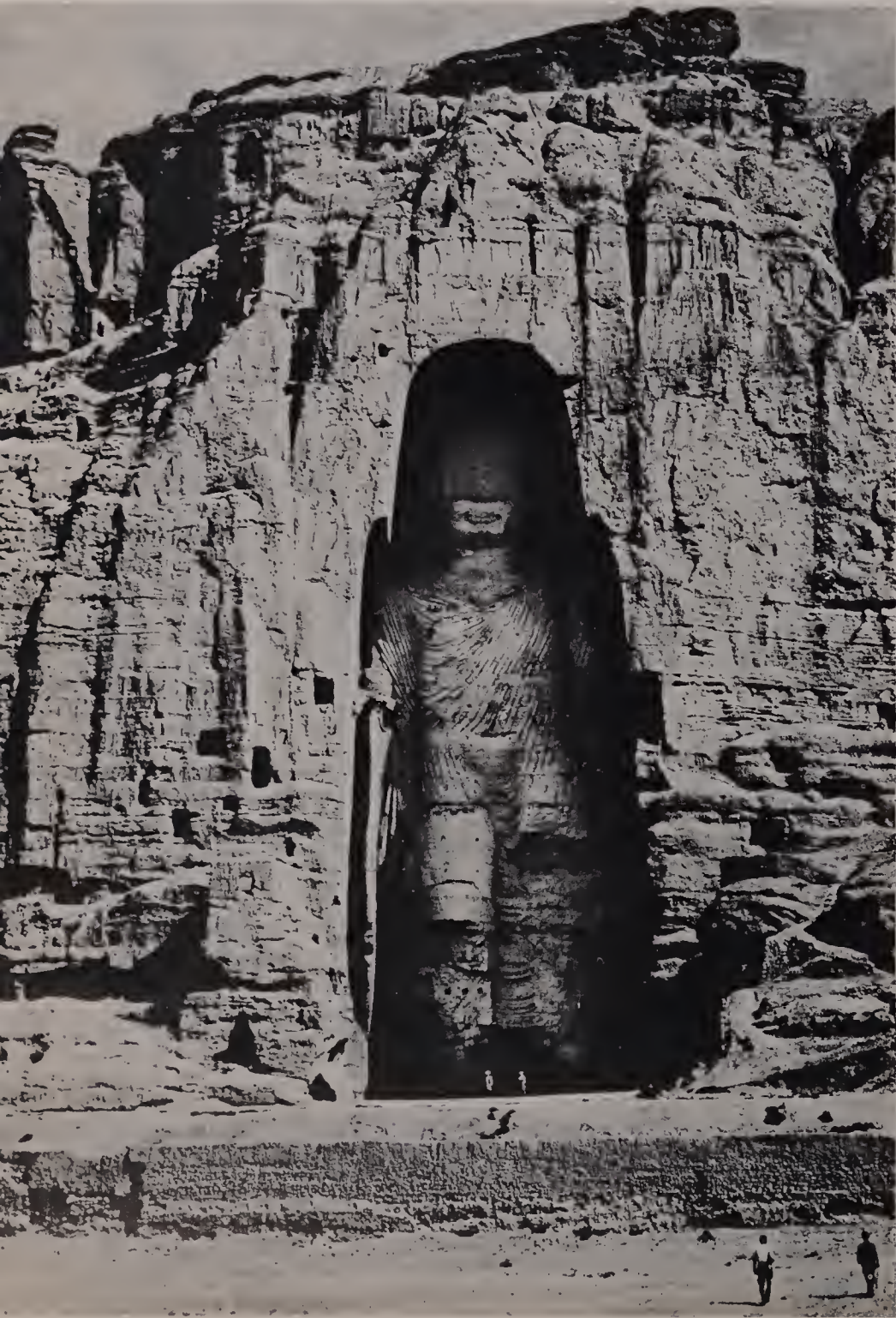
Chip Plank  
*Jewelry, Senior*



Leslie Silton  
*Painting, Sophomore*







## the quiet axis:

*"I beheld the leaves within the unfathomed blaze  
Into one volume bound by love the same  
That the universe holds scattered through its maze.*

*\*Dante, Paradiso Canto XXXIII*

In the Autumn of 1968 I had a vision of an inclined shimmering lake with waterlilies blooming on its surface. It was a plane of glowing water with its surface tilted at a low angle. The vision of the Inclined Lake was in the valley of Bamiyan in Afghanistan facing the cliffs of the Buddhas. The vision of the Inclined Lake was a response to my deep sense of helplessness in the face of the events taking place in Asia during that time.

In August of 1974 I went with my family to Bamiyan, high in the Hindu Kush, to realize this vision of a radiant lake. The journey was the culmination of 6 years of work and reflection during which I had been involved with the articulation of large temporal and spacial relations, i.e., those of geology, astronomy, history and the imagination, by means of the choosing, making, or manipulating materials which might serve as conceptual joints or bridges, by which those relations could be discovered or made firm. (See article, Leonardo, Vol. 7, pp. 329-331; 1974) This work invokes and disperses the sun, our galaxy, nearby galaxies, natural time and historic time; and weaves them into a friendly presence and tenderness by means of those objects I made whose substances, shapes, images and orientations were formulated with exact calculation toward that end. Materials and objects have unconscious power to stimulate and reorder consciousness and behavior. These materials and objects produce an extraordinary of array relationships from

*\*Translation: Laurence Binyon, Viking Press*



# the inclined galactic light pond, bamiyan, afghanistan

by lowry burgess

*Core Program, Faculty*

direct mental or physical equivalence to what may be called a process of generative transformation. Equally the hiddenness of the work-objects insists on the recognition of the unseen and unknown, an acknowledgement of discontinuity and separation which is emphasized by a wide display of paradox, contradiction, and structured illogicity. Further, I have sought a certain withdrawal of distinctions so that word, concept, act, substance, configuration and time are withdrawn to a territory where little differentiation occurs in effort to define and make new objectivities. I have assumed that the placement of such objects brings about a reordering of time and consciousness such that the place itself is changed both in fact and in its connotation. I also assume that there are certain acts we must perform and that I cannot myself necessarily know the reasons for, or the results to be expected from the objects which my actions make and put in place. In a certain way these actions are foreign to me.

Therefore, beside the ruined pyramidal city of Shari-ghoghola which lies perpendicular to the valley of Bamiyan in the valley Kushkak, I buried 12 holographic plates of waterlilies and stars, in six pits in the earth, along a mile and a half axis oriented to magnetic North: thereby making a lake that tilted at an angle of 15 degrees from horizontal rising toward the South - an inclined surface of light and water, quite thin and disembodied. The lake is sloped or





inclined toward its narrow end to the south away from the cliffs of the Buddhas toward the winter sun in the south at noon. The relation between the straight axis of the six pits to the large ovoid of the lake itself was arrived at through a sequence of transformations of the lake itself into the image of a celestial ladder or stepped lake. This occurred through a series of drawings indicating the positions and angles of each of the plates and the shapes of the ellipses of the small leather pads. The information concerning the perimeter of the *Inclined Lake* had thus already been encoded into those shapes and positions. This allowed the displacement of the plates from their symmetrical positions on the edge of the *Inclined Lake* into a stepped axis in the middle. The axis is straight because a straight line will not suit the curvature of the earth, thus creating a tension with and lift from the earth.

Each plate was buried at the angle that would correspond to the plane of our galaxy at sunrise during the month whose star-pattern was embedded in it. It was my reasoning that an object positioned in our galaxy's plane would provide a point of lift around which the world itself could turn and that the Lake might make a possibility for hovering in a valley so heavy with the substance of time.

The holographic plates were the products of an evolution of images. The search for this

final image of the waterlily in a field of stars began with four slowly converging experiences. The first was a long time fascination with Monet's devotion to his pond in Giverny. The second was a reflecting pond on the top of a hill in a desert area of Mexico. Another was an actual lilypond on the tip of Cape Cod. And finally, the catalytic vision of the inclined luminous pond in Bamiyan, an image which bound the other three into itself. These four images had developed along discontinuous paths, remaining points of daydream and thought, during the past fifteen years.

Their convergence as well as the plausible realization of the vision formed around a series of small holograms which Jeff Hall had made for me of crystals and a small crocus. The surface patterns of these holograms and their labyrinthian transformation of light as well as its ability to force its witness to extrapolate the conceptualization and illusion of space seemed more important than the recognizability of the images when seen at specific angles. Furthermore, the interference patterns on the surfaces of these holograms often looked like the surface of a rippling pond. Therefore, by implication, in this glass surface I could reify the inclined imaginary pond and make it a possible entity. I could translate the waterlilies from the surface of the pond on the Cape into imaginary pond, to bring these two horizontal spaces, the pond on the

Cape and in Bamiyan, to each other and merge them in one surface.

The evolution of the pond's surface proceeded as follows: First, the pond surface contained in the hologram. The basic equation was between the pond's surface and the rippling patterns on the surface of the holographic plate and the linear patterns of the folds of the Buddha's garments. The twelve plates indicate or describe the surface of an implied pond whose boundary describes the shape of an ovoid ellipse a mile and a half by a mile and a half. The surface of the pond is quiet and fixed in the plane of our galaxy. Therefore, if we are standing on the surface of the pond, it is required that the earth turn round us and lift its mass to be reflected in the pond's glowing surface. The pond becomes a center around which the volume of earth revolves. Thereby the density of the valley is set into movement. The displacements of the valley are brought into balance by its reflection and dissolution in the surface of the pond.

Each hologram was of a luminous blue-green waterlily sitting in deep stellar space. The holographic plate was sandwiched between two plates of stars representing the heavens above and below the valley at midnight of each month. The final object looked like a rectangular slab of onyx. The images themselves were effectively buried by the sandwiching of the plates.









and burying. After burying each pair of plates I turned and walked away quickly and after some minutes returned to replace the stones. The surface of the ground was restored so that no visible mark was left. They could not be found nor are they to be found. It is only necessary to know that it is done.

In the first pit, the nearest to Shari-ghoghola and Bamiyan, are the plates for March and April, providing a gate for the year at the Spring equinox. In the sixth pit, the most distant, are the plates for September and October. Between the pairs of plates a weaving of yearly time is described in which the year is considered as an ellipse of forces in tension, and time is considered as a position within that ellipse. Therefore, time is not linear but massive in its distribution, yet graceful. The lake allows time, as well as space, to be delivered up to the inherent order of a universe released from habitual temporal and gravitational patterns.

The pond is a surface of woven water, a mirror, to connect the stars overhead and beneath in a web of time and light. This water-cloth was cut into a perfect shape both precise and living, always tilted slightly as if it were ascending. The pond becomes a lake at the center of the earth which now turns round it, gathering and dissolving sound and light.

In the valley of Bamiyan time becomes

substance. There is no negation, simply an overwhelming neutrality, the presence of physical facts as time, the raw presence of immense geological events, of human time as powdery substance and the delicate weave of present life through water, wind and light as well as the absolute obliteration of the earth in darkness. There I could feel the weight of the galaxy visible as a solid mass, the earth twisting within it and in the earth the overbearing presence of suffering. All these things pressed in upon and inscribed each other in hope that there is some redemption possible, if not liberation.

The valley of Kushkak where the lake was placed is a large softly rounded absolutely dry valley more than 10 miles long pointing South to the 17,000 foot mountains called Koh-i-Baba. Kushkak faces another valley opposite across the Bamiyan valley looking North. That other valley and Kushkak describe opposite settings. They totally reverse the spatial iconography of North and South. Kushkak to the South is brown somber, dry and forbidding, with soft rounded forms and the dark grey Koh-i-Baba Mountains with their jagged profiles to the South. The other valley to the North is green and lush, striped with fields and trees surrounded by crumbling pink cliffs with the mountains in the distance to the North displaying a massive swelling profile.

Looking to the East and West of Kushkak

spreads the larger valley of Bamiyan, the historic focus of the lake. This valley has served as a corridor and resting place between the East and West for several thousand years. It is a space of polarities, a severe yet paradisaal environment set in a massive geologic and historic frame. The valley of Bamiyan is a wide, stepped bowl with six valleys pointing into it. The East-West valleys are long in both directions. The others like Kushkak are much smaller. Essentially, Bamiyan is an ancient ocean bed thrust up 10,000 feet by the collision of the Indian sub-continent with Asia. The valley was created by the erosion of melting snows over millions of years, leaving canyons with complex cliff faces surrounded by high snow-capped mountains of more recent origin.

The cliffs have provided natural shelters for 40,000 years. The two most important human features of the Bamiyan Valley are its two ancient ruined cities. The first, on the Northern face of the valley, is the sacred city completely carved into the extraordinary cliff face that surrounds two colossal figures of the standing Buddha. These figures of the Buddhas are remarkable not only for their colossal size (the largest is nearly 200 feet high) but equally for their iconographical significance as successful fusions of Western and Eastern figurations. The second city, diagonally across the valley to the Southeast, is a pyramidal city called Shari-ghoghola, the

focus of the valley complex. These two abandoned cities lay down a historical weight and density as they face each other across the Bamiyan Valley.

Bamiyan Valley was secluded from most of the endless human turbulence which has surrounded it since prehistory. This isolation made it an island of independent power inspiring a religious efflorescence which had influence on all of Asia in the early centuries A.D.

In the valley at twilight standing near the lake, I saw beneath my feet, on the axis where it lay, Rapa Nui (Easter Island, whose ancient name is the eye of heaven) and beyond it the Magellanic clouds. I wanted to bring that island to the inclined lake. To bring it near I needed heat and magnetism of copper, the moisture of clouds, and the gentle quiet of roses peach in color, honey and yeast, vermillion and breath, placed on that island, would form a unified axis, a quiet shift and coincidence between our own galaxy, the earth, and our nearest neighboring galaxies.

In the Bamiyan valley the lake made in the ancient ocean bed beckoned to it an oceanic island to be held in place by a rosiness and copper heat and specifically a crystal vessel called the *Celestial Peach Vessel Immortal Ear* to hover on the bottom of the crater lake there. The axis I would thus describe would become completed in 14,000 years when

the Magellanic clouds are directly on the axis from Bamiyan to Rapa Nui.

But for now, in Cambridge, when I face East looking at the ground about 18 inches in front of my feet I see a tiny shining tumbling seed like an almond with its point facing South and from it I hear a joyful rippling sound. It is the lake-pond in Bamiyan and around it a garden is forming and a thread is expanding and contracting out into the cosmos.

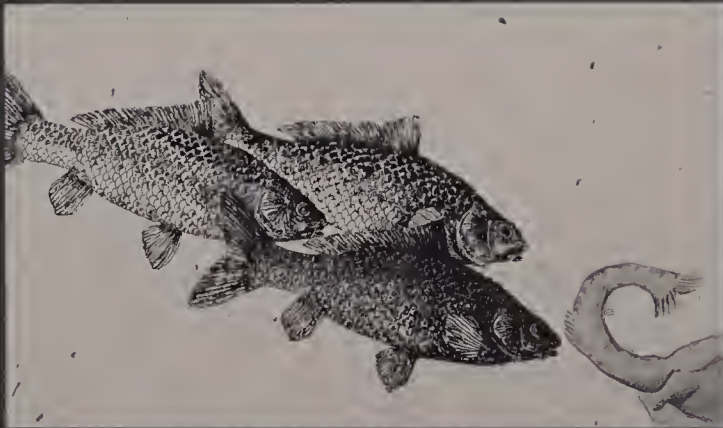
*"We shall, perhaps, look down thus on the surface of the air at length, and mark where a still subtler spirit sweeps over it."*  
Thoreau - *Walden*



Joseph Hannaford  
Illustration, Junior



Susan Slovinsky  
Graphic Design, Senior



**may**

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**jun**

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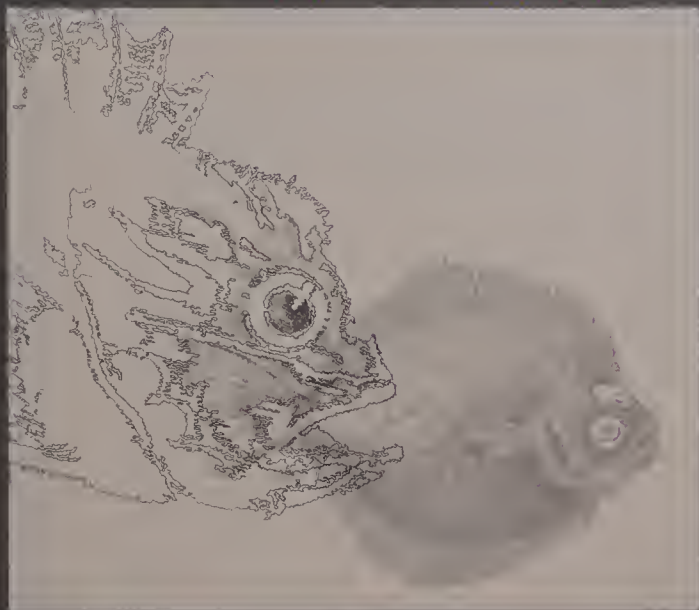
**jul**

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**aug**

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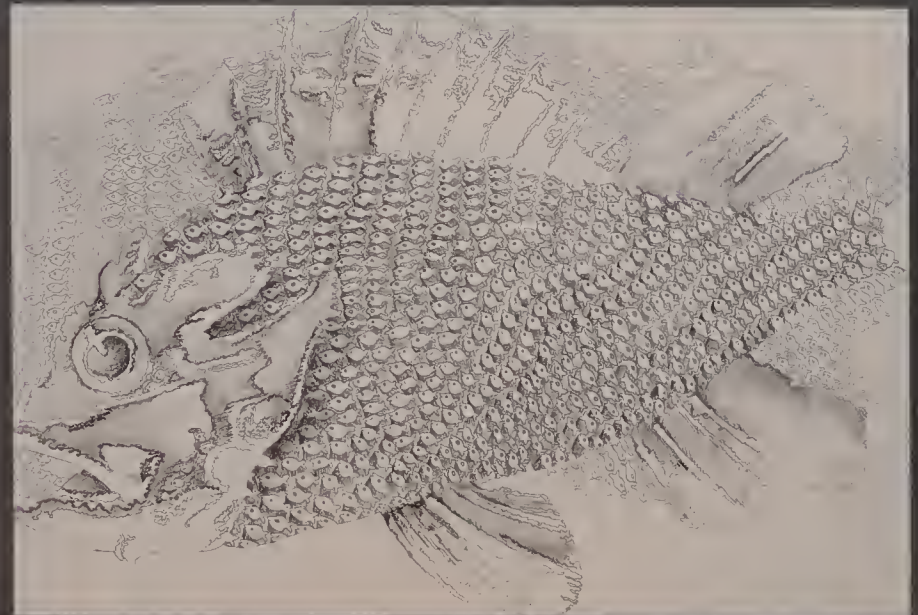


**sep**

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| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |

**oct**

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**nov**

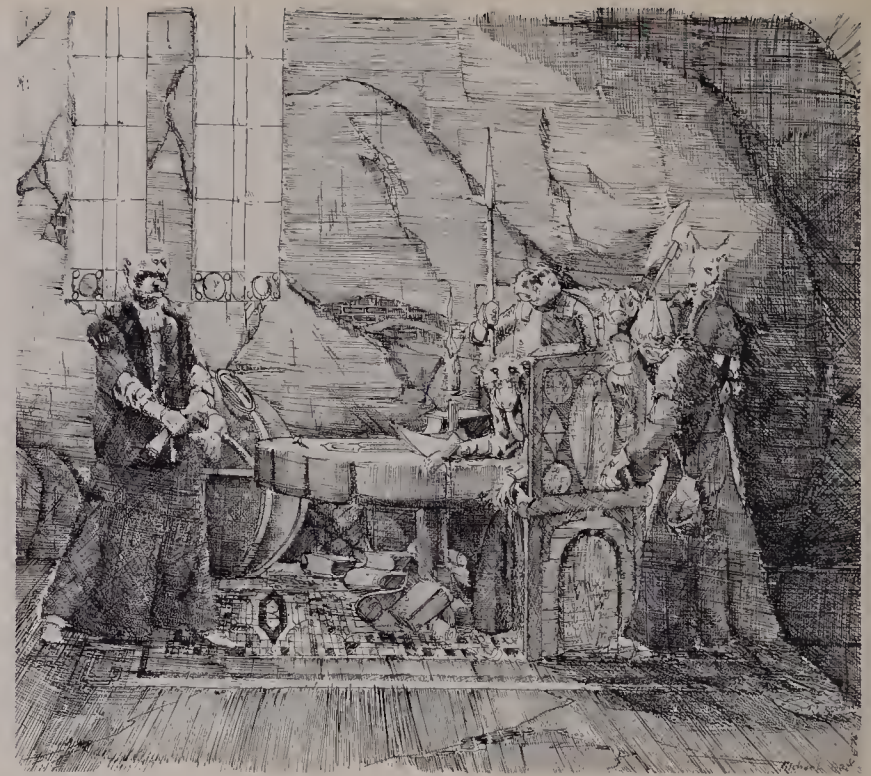
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**dec**

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| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |



Michael Grace  
Illustration, Junior



**for a (pronounced ay)**

a cold kitchen day makes me tighten myself  
against a chill which has no source  
i look at you green socks on your feet head bowed  
eyes scanning the book on your lap cold tea in a cup  
a bleak washed out color inhabits this room  
turning the whites grey and the darks denser  
but my head in-between not bright not dim  
a mauve-matrix whose thoughts are nowhere-everywhere  
but they cannot remain there they regurgitate  
works begun calibanian delights put aside  
explosive emotions that i should aim at myself  
but it was you who started me this trek  
what seems at times never to have begun

Roger Rouleau  
Junior, Industrial Design



Joseph Hannaford  
Illustration, Junior



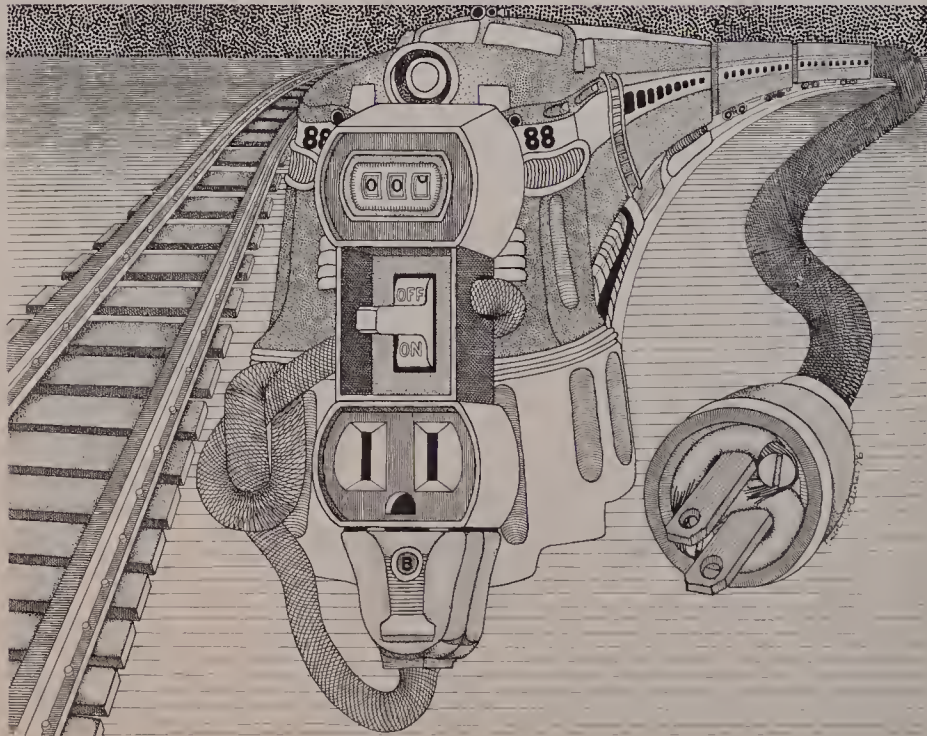
Russell Waters  
Freshman



Dan Collins  
Illustration, Senior

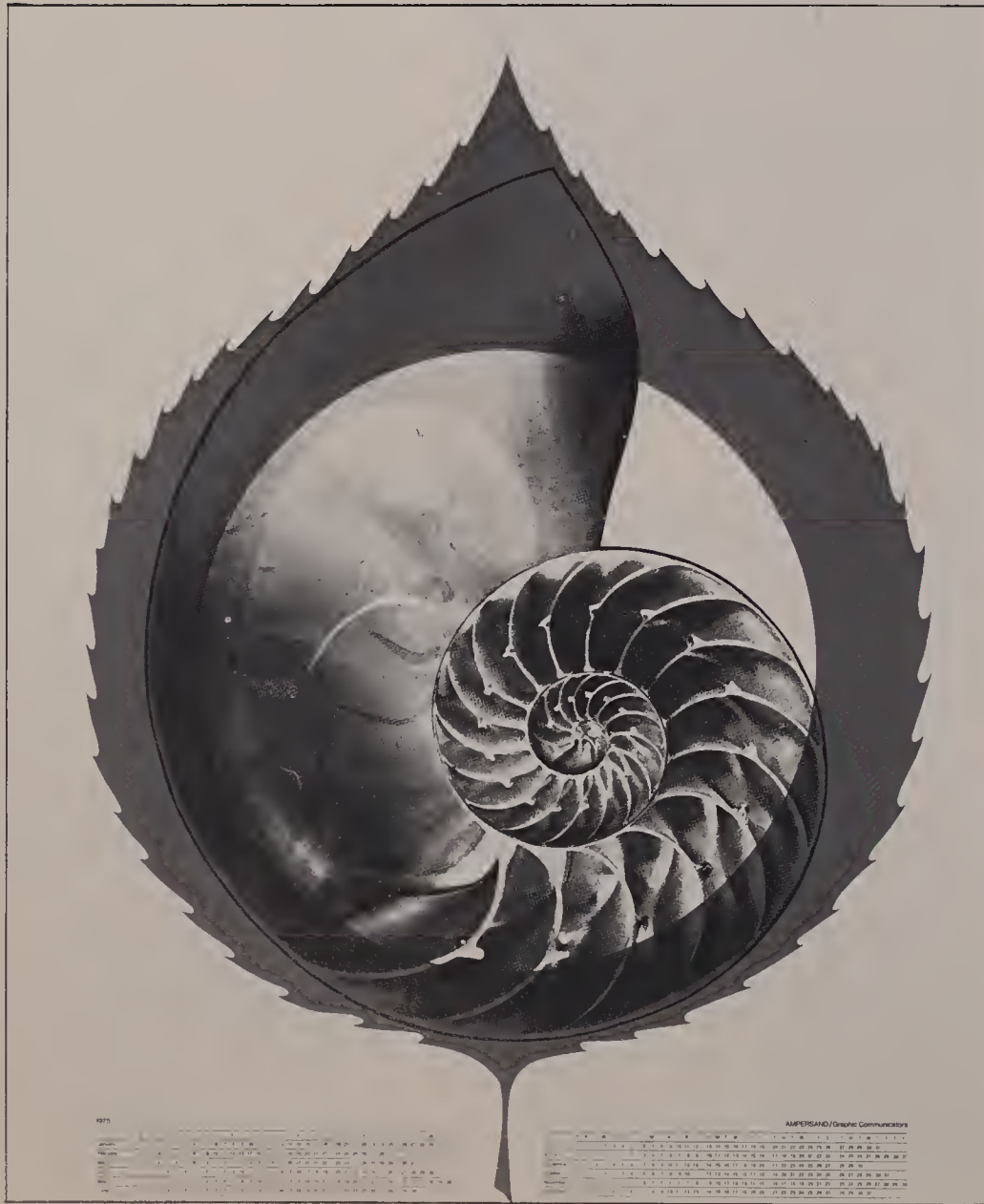


Dan Collins  
Illustration, Senior

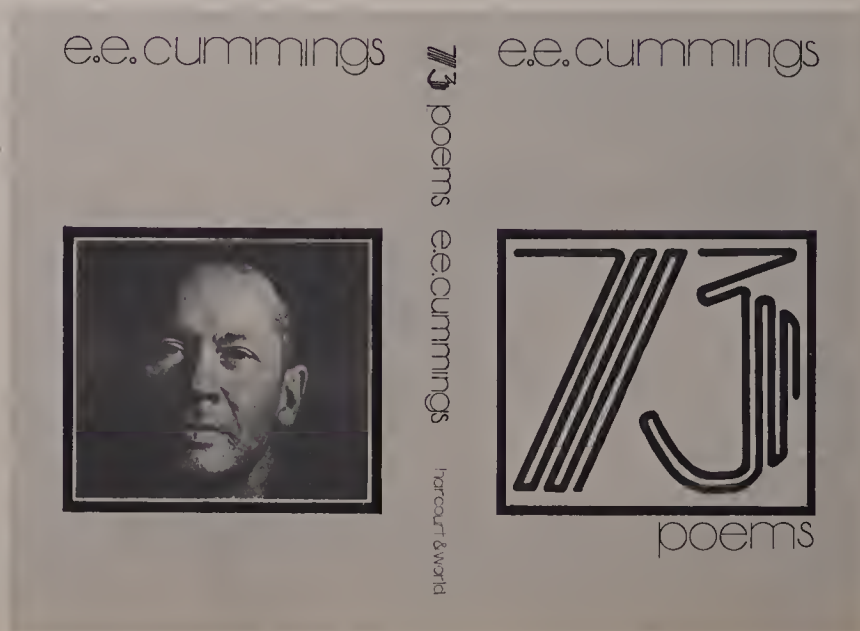




Lew Fifield  
Design, Faculty



Anthony Siracusa  
Graphic Design, Senior



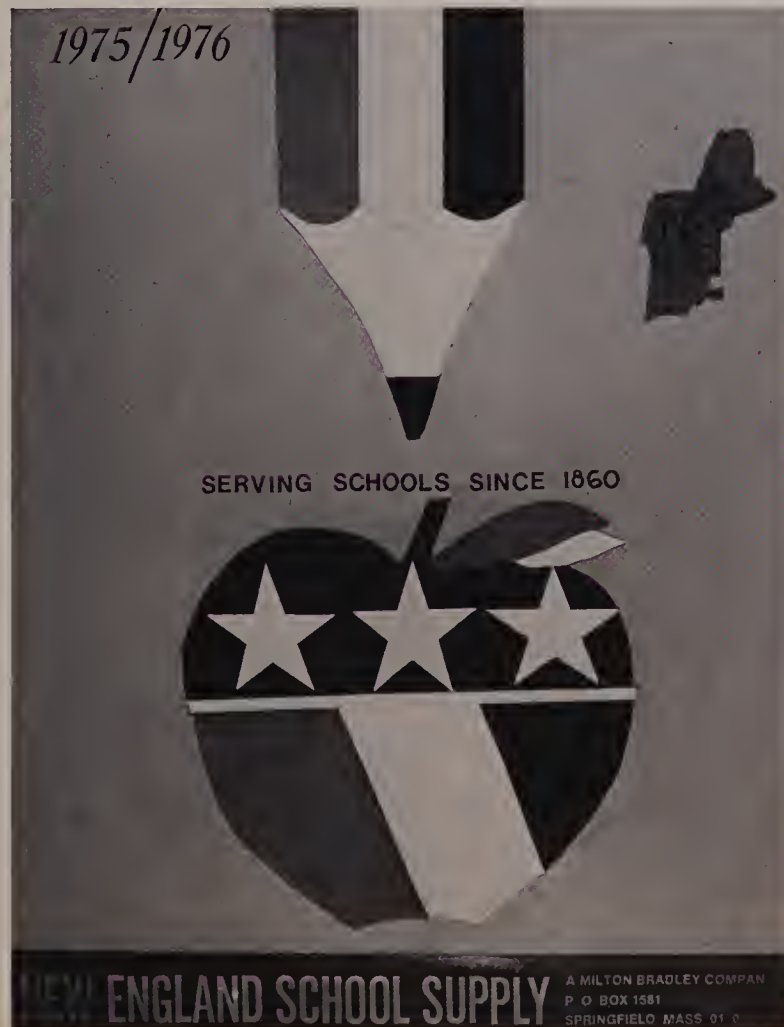
Jennifer Morla  
Graphic Design, Junior



Doug Perry  
Design, Sophomore



Mark Hayes  
Design, Sophomore

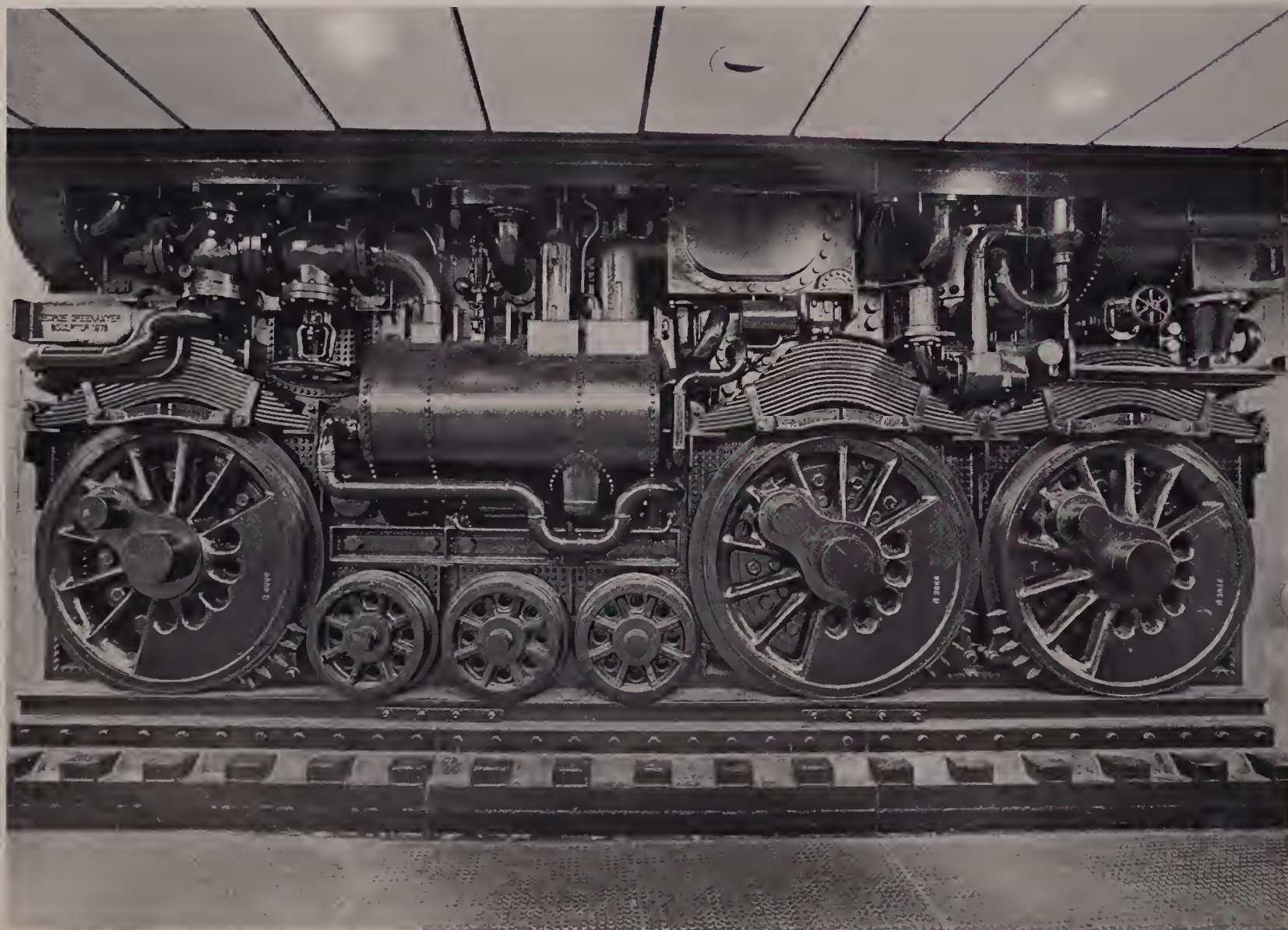


Angela Hagigeorges  
Graphic Design, Senior

Charles Conn  
Graphic Design, Senior



# george greenamyre



"A Monument to the Era of Steam" is the title of this colossal work done by George Greenamyre, chairman of the sculpture department of this school. Greenamyre won the June 1975 competition for the Essex station wall sculpture. This competition was sponsored by the Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority, and it is the first time a sculpture has been used in the M.B.T.A.'s station modernization program.

The ten-ton wall piece consists of three giant driving wheels, four feet tall weighing a thousand pounds apiece, and numerous other elements including three sets of Mack leaf springs each weighing 780 lbs. The sculpture measures 9 ft. 4 in. tall by 18 ft. long and 18 in. deep.

This heroic sculpture took months of research, collecting, and designing until the sculpting process began. Greenamyre's philosophic and aesthetic reasons for the piece are many, but an over-riding premise is that his work, "A Monument to the Era of Steam", is: "...a celebration of steel and welding as a material and (as a) process..."



# bill wilcox

Bill Wilcox, a 1960 graduate of the Massachusetts College of Art, was chosen the winning entrant in the recent competition to design graphics for the vehicles of the Cambridge Department of Public Works.

Jointly sponsored by the Cambridge Arts Council and the Department of Public Works, the contest was, as the poster states, "Open to those who live in Cambridge and others."

Wilcox, presently a partner and Senior Graphic Designer at Captain Graphics Inc., Boston, sums up his feelings this way: "The visual impact that the trucks will have on the City of Cambridge should be taken seriously. Just as it is important that we live in a well designed physical environment with sensible applicable tools and machines, livable architecture and thoughtful urban planning, it is also important that our visual quality of life be of an equally high standard."





### **My Marching Band**

*have you ever noticed  
how thin women  
with hips  
parallel and perfectly  
perpendicular to each  
other ingest the world  
through tipped bones  
slouched receding  
as they undulate  
with stomach slung  
hung on pelvic swings*

*i wear my stomach  
like a marching band  
roaring down hot  
sunshine streets  
the day in full blaze  
all manner of musical  
instruments cheerily  
banging away piping  
and rolling*

*i come into view  
in a doubletake  
first my marching band  
then me  
my hips in dimpled smile  
waiting in the wings  
to take their own  
curtain call*

**Leslie Silton**  
*Sophomore, Painting*

**Katrina Gannon**  
*Fashion, Senior*  
*Model: Donna Dimbrat*  
*Photographer: Rene*



John Rioux  
*Fashion, Senior*  
*Models: Coco Cummings, Katrina Gannon, Trudy Paradise*





Katrina Gannon  
*Fashion, Senior*

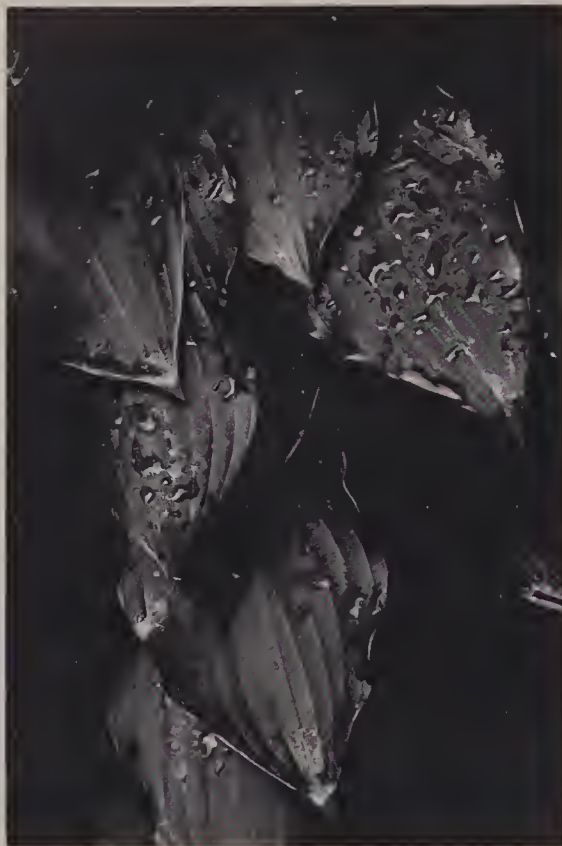


Maria Sun  
*Fashion, Junior*

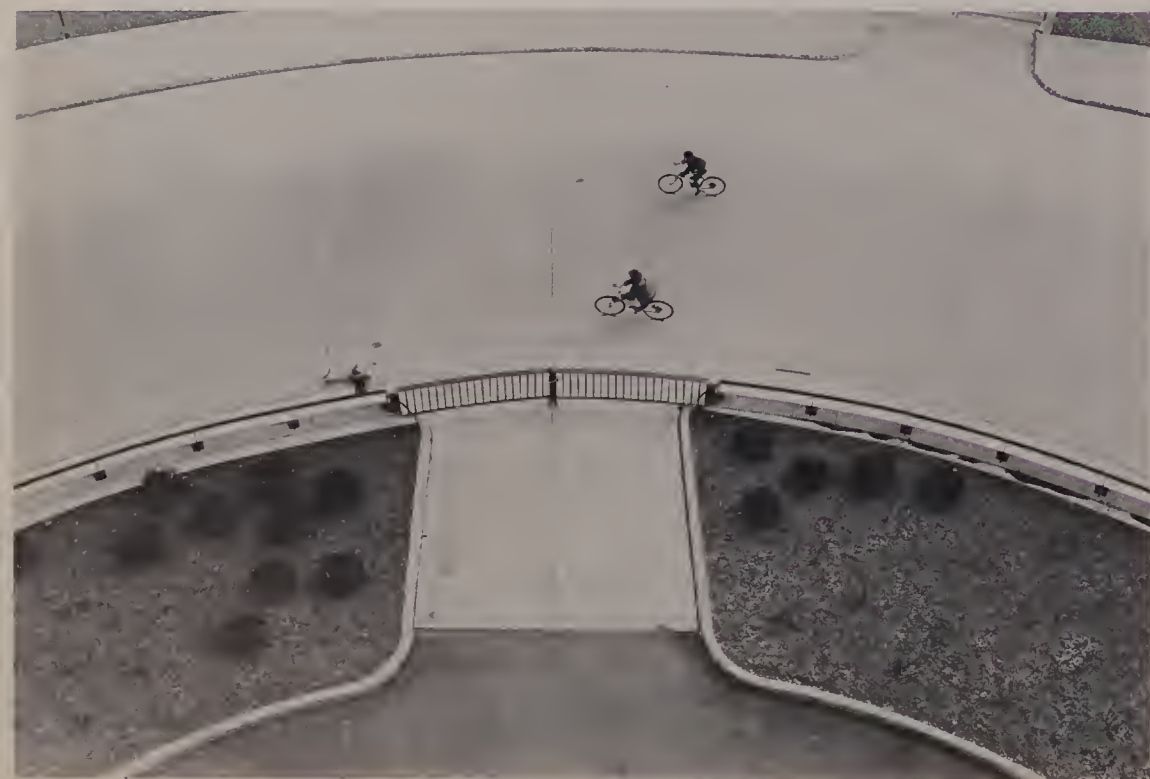




Mark Germann  
*Photography, Freshman*



Charles Coyle  
*Photography, Senior*



Sherry Freeman  
*Photography, Senior*







Howard Cramer  
*Photography, Junior*

**irrational ancestral incest**

have we not all been created incestuously  
by some everlasting infinite ancestry  
who in a moment of selfish irrationality  
or sadistic prescience did love willfully  
creating a humanity of tortured bastards  
i often wonder if that patriarch ever gazes  
over the earth to survey what he fathered  
to see for himself so many people dazed  
by confusion and impossible reasonings  
of truths which are themselves self-negating  
and ideas and philosophies taken  
from fools and puppet-people who sine  
only when they listen to their own line

Roger Rouleau  
*Junior, Industrial Design*

William Roberts  
*Illustration, Junior*





**A Kind of Knot**

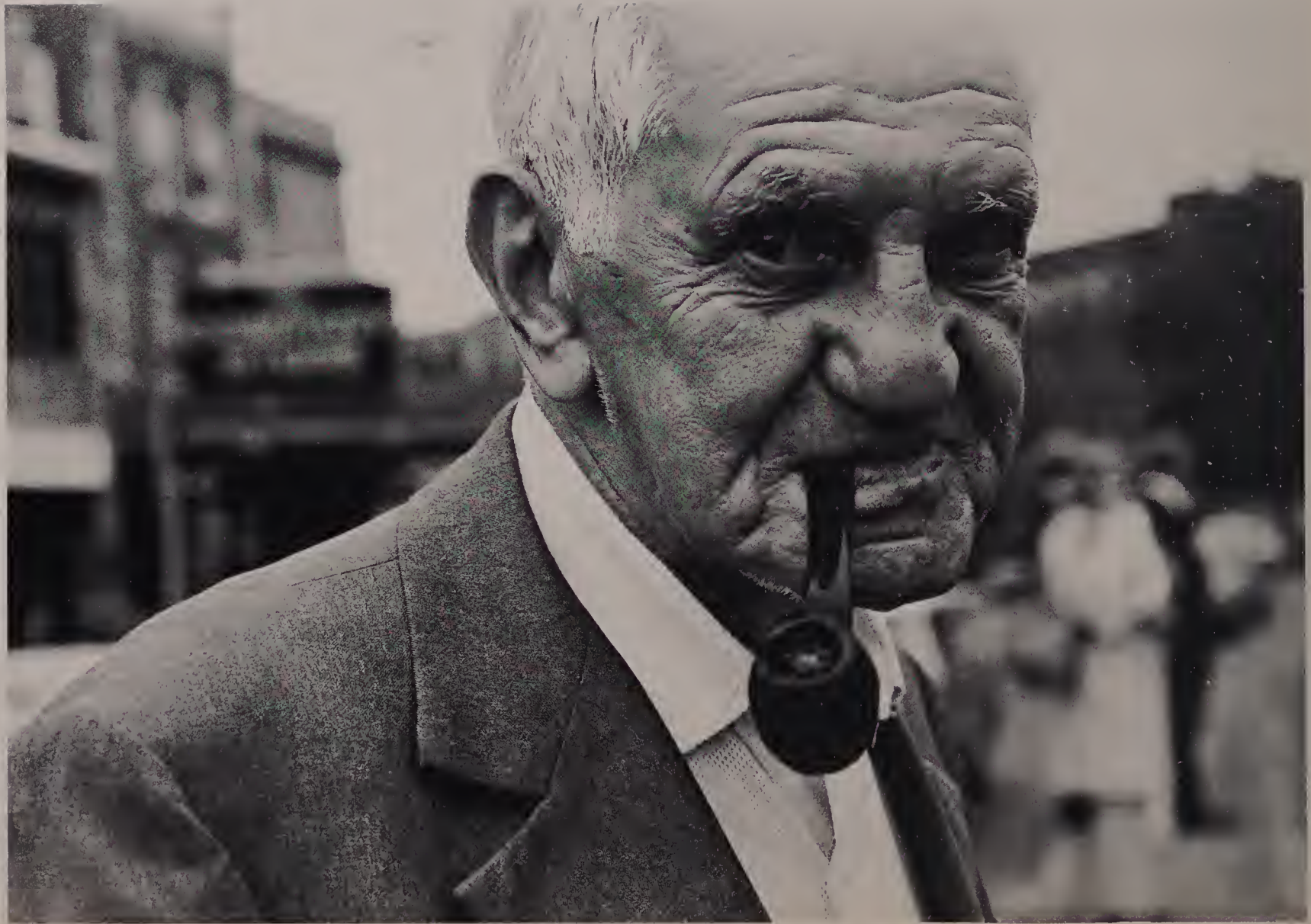
*Why do you always talk to me  
just when I'm leaving  
why send me words that arrive  
by parcel post  
and I'm gone  
out the door  
tell the man to come back later  
but you know it's never the same.*

*why do you let me babble on  
spilling goofy smalltalk  
that only my best friend delights in  
and then begin  
the long road toward me  
just when the door is closing.*

*I'm going now  
All right  
See you later  
Have a good day*

*Well, it's like that  
like that like that  
click.*

**Leslie Silton**  
*Sophomore, Painting*



**Oded Burger**  
*Film, Senior*

# the journal cover competition

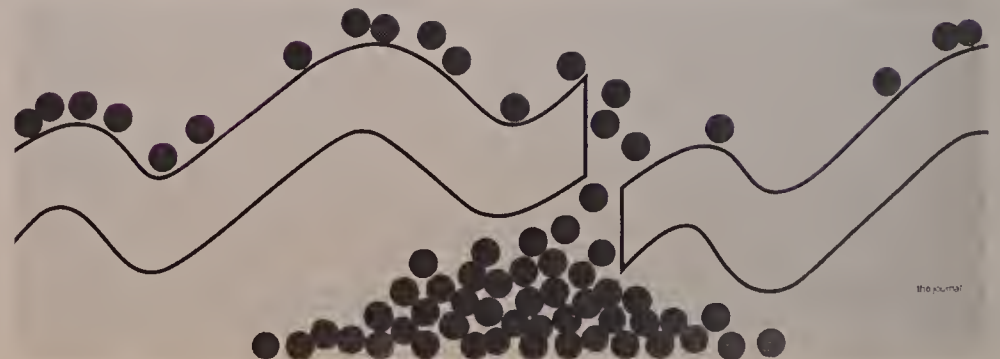
*Second Place Winner*  
Dina Morrongiello  
*Graphic Design, Junior*



*Third Place Winner*  
Stephanie Henry  
*Graphic Design, Senior*



*Honorable Mention*  
Ilene Silberberg  
*Graphic Design, Junior*



*Honorable Mention*  
Betty Dufresne  
*Graphic Design, Senior*

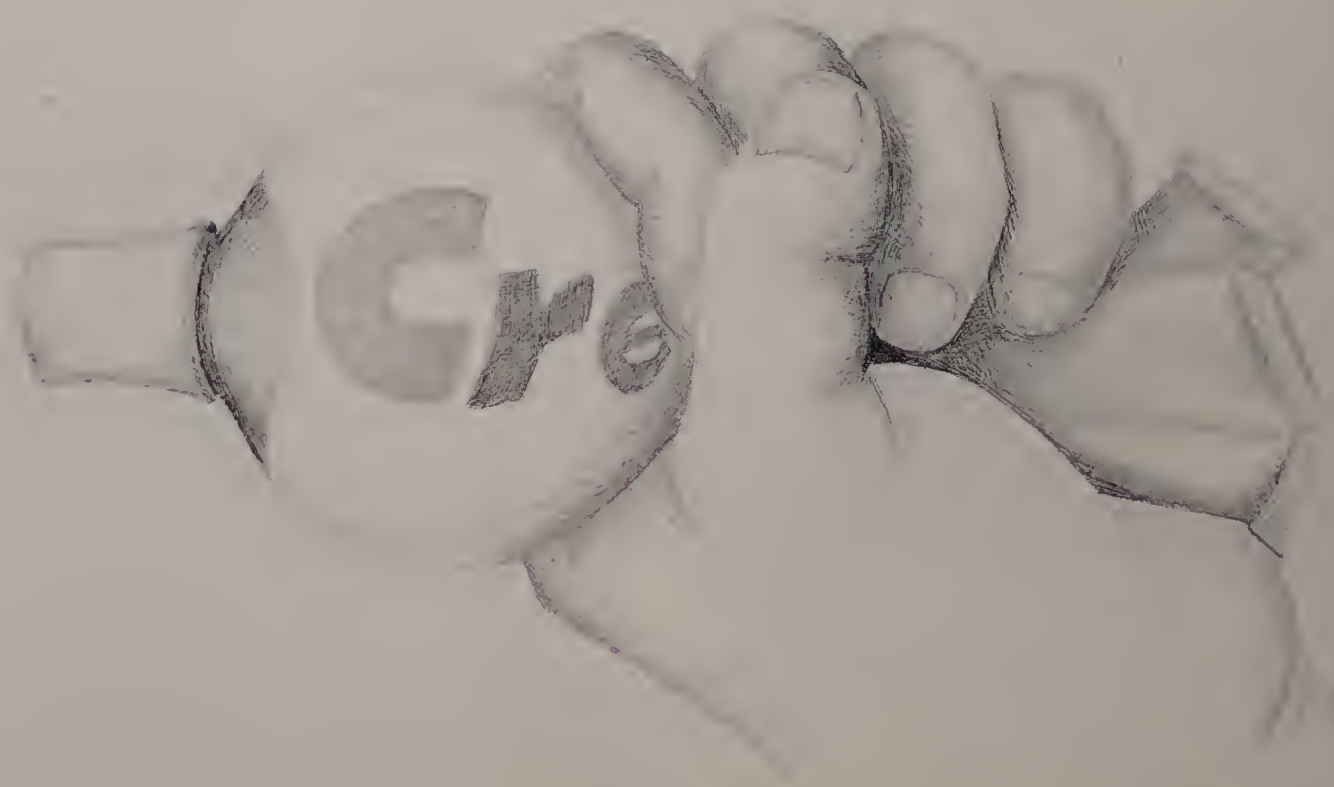


Doug Perry  
*Design, Sophomore*

### Instructions For Causing A Simple Object To Become Something Else

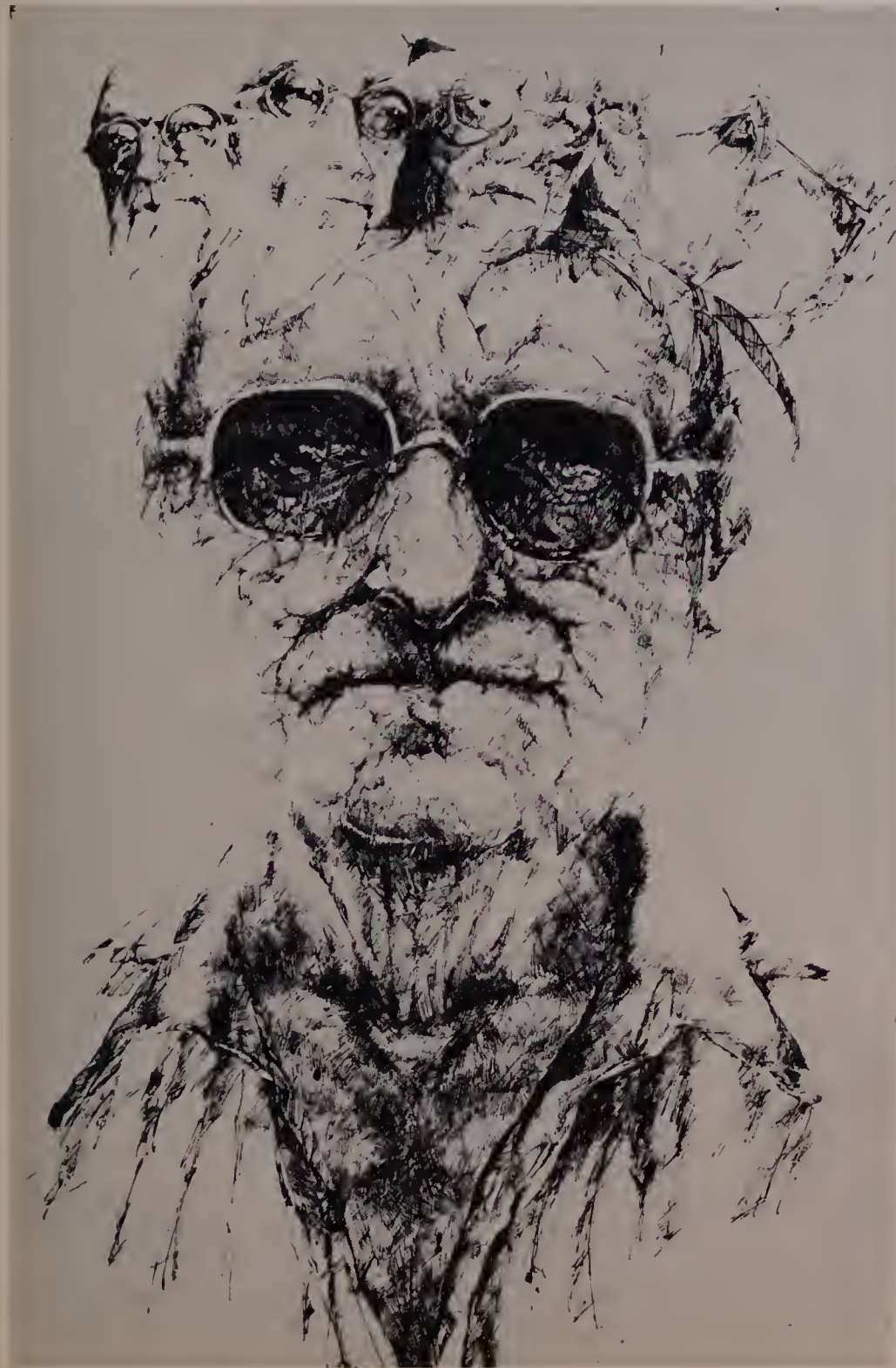
*Execute any number of the following on a rainy Saturday morning when you are out of oatmeal:*

- 1. Put a bottle of Elmer's Glue out for the milkman.  
Do not leave an explanatory note.*
- 2. Mix a bottle of Elmer's Glue with every spice in your kitchen.  
Let the mixture harden on a cookie sheet.  
Use it for a door mat.*
- 3. Get a bottle of Elmer's Glue stewed and seduce it.  
Afterwards, lounge about with a martini and marvel at the countless thousands of Christians you have created and destroyed.*
- 4. Tie a bottle of Elmer's Glue to a gas balloon and float it to Asia.  
Glue some Sunday fummies to its' side by way of greeting.*
- 5. Run a wick through the nozzle and use a bottle of Elmer's Glue as a lamp.  
It will not work.*
- 6. Open the nozzle on a bottle of Elmer's Glue and sit on it.  
You may giggle, but it is imperative that you do not squirm.*
- 7. Feed a bottle of Elmer's Glue a sack of organic granola.  
Watch the halo form.*
- 8. Set a bottle of Elmer's Glue out in the glaring sun and watch it cringe.  
Show no mercy.*
- 9. Substitute a bottle of Elmer's Glue for the milk in an herb omelette.  
Eat a can of Spam and use the omelette for a frisbee.*



Mike Cornish  
*Junior, Art History*

William Roberts  
*Illustration, Junior*



David Julian  
*Illustration, Junior*





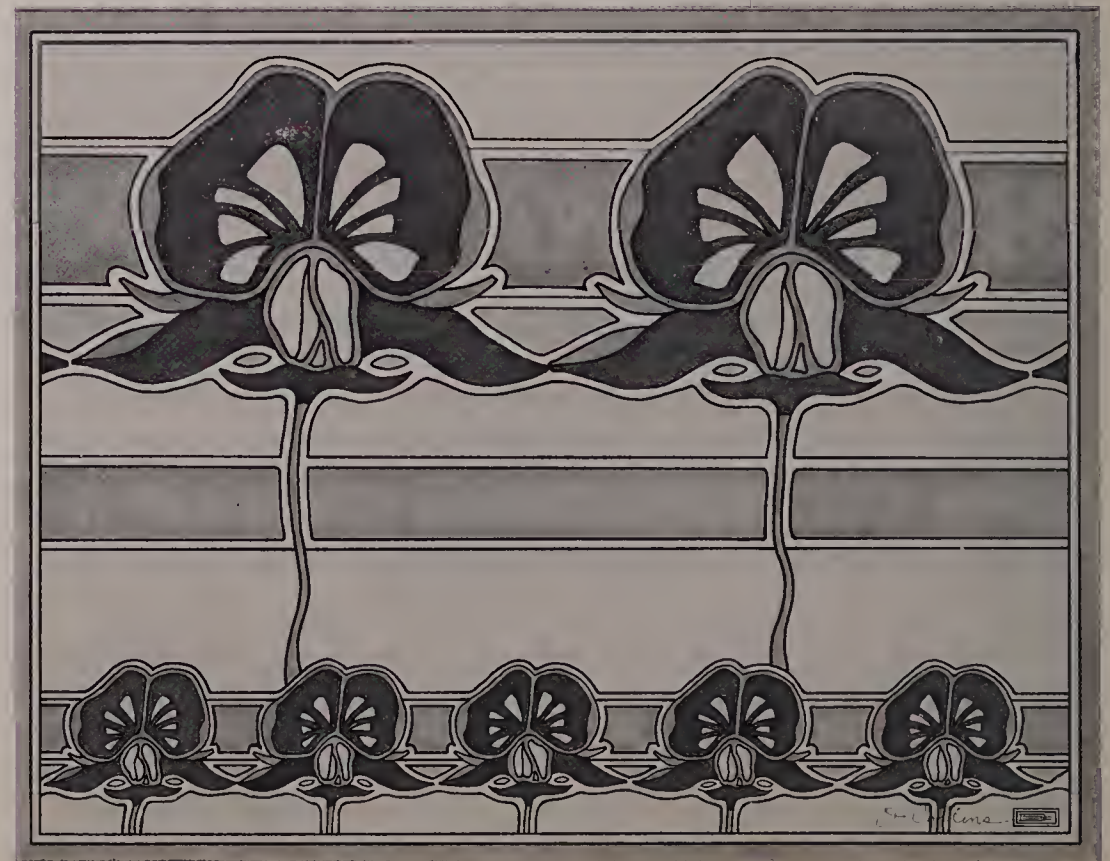
Coco Cummings  
Illustration, Senior



### III.

A Jersey cow was seen barking at the moon last Friday and now Ed Ames' lower pasture is a carnival of roving reporters swapping press-pass jokes and staring down gopher holes. They are waiting for the sun to go down, with infra-red film in their cameras and noise-sensitive taps wound about the cow's tents. They squat about in the damp twilight grass, nervous and secretive as she arches her thick neck towards the new moon. She meows. The reporters are shocked, dumbfounded, dismayed, angry, cheated. Furiously, they rip off their sound taps, pack their cameras, and stalk away to their mobile unit vans over the hill, cursing.

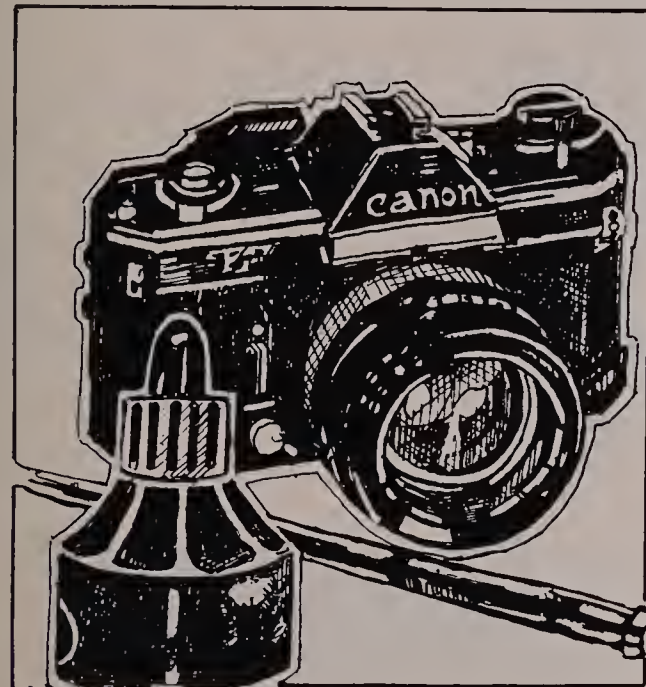
Mike Cornish  
Junior, Art History



Dan Collins  
Illustration, Senior

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artists, designers &  
photographers  
who can find us  
find us to  
be the lowest priced  
art supply store  
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find out.

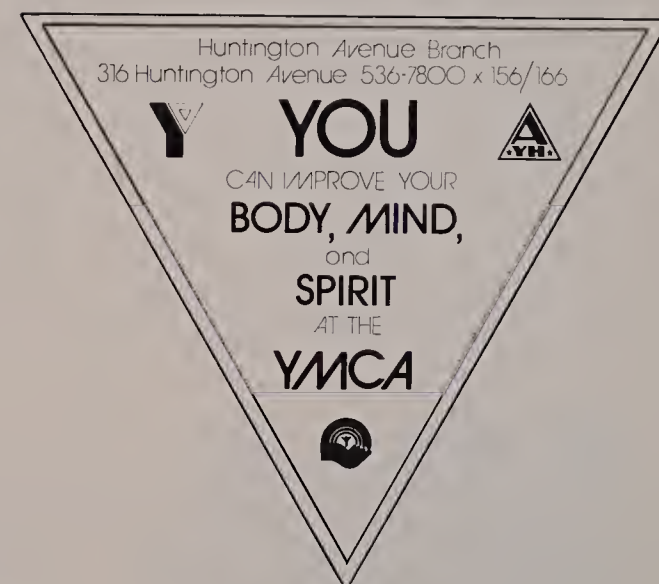
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ASSOCIATES**

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## Copperfields

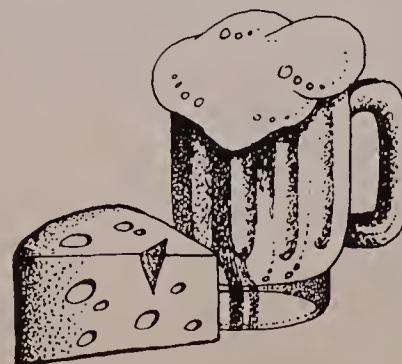
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Special consideration for MassArt students

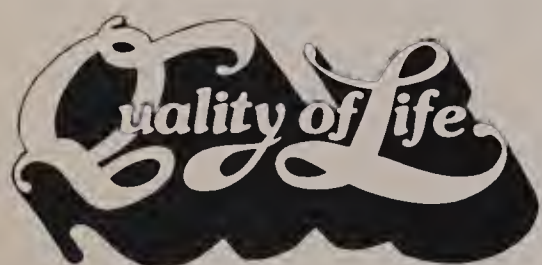
## Down Under

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Rock 'n' roll every weekend  
Across from the Overland Building







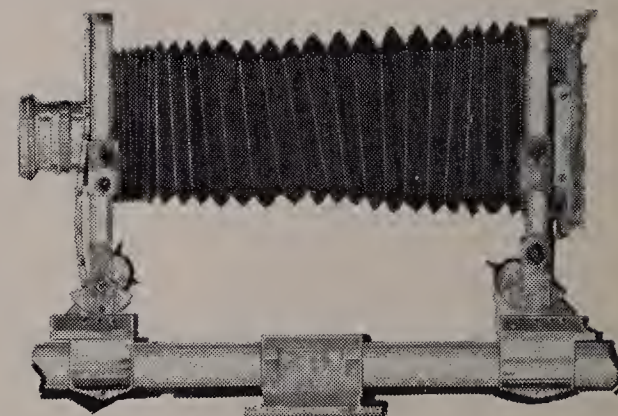
*We thank those  
Mass. College of Art  
students and faculty who  
helped the Quality of Life  
Competition win an award  
in the Second Annual  
DESIGN & ENVIRONMENT  
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**Cambridge Arts Council**



DAILY SPECIALS - TAKE OUT ORDERS

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David Comberg  
*Graphic Design, Junior*





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Advisor: Al Gowan

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Printing: Reynolds-DeWalt

Cover Design: Walter Compton

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Athanasios Boulukos, Lew Fifield, Dina Morrongiello,  
and Ilene Silberberg.

Coco Cummings  
*Illustration, Senior*

